

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

NO. 74. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."
IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER XV. INFELICE!

CESARE advanced into the room silently, with his eyes fixed on his wife. He was very pale, and his hand plucked at his moustache with the lithe serpentine motion of the fingers that was so suggestive of cruelty. Veronica, when she saw him, started violently, and dropped Plew's hand. The surgeon stood firm and still, and looked at Cesare quietly, neither apprehensive nor defiant. For some seconds no one spoke. The room was as still as death. Cesare's eyes quitted his wife's face, and wandered round the boudoir, looking more than ever like the inscrutable eyes in a picture on which you cannot get a good light. This glance took in every detail of the scene. The preparations for supper, the half-emptied flasks of wine; above all, his wife's torn sleeve, and the wasted arm with its livid bruises. Then he spoke.

"Mille souse! I intrude. No wonder you preferred to stay at home, cara gioja! But why did you not tell me that you expected a guest? Ha! Quite a carouse—a banquet! Per Dio! It is diverting! Like a scene in a comedy. It is complete! Lelio and Rosaura—and the husband!"

He spoke in Italian, and with an insolent mocking bitterness of irony which perhaps only an Italian can attain. Veronica did not speak. She sat still, with parted lips and dilated eyes, and her heart beat with such suffocating rapidity that she panted for breath as she sat. Suddenly Barletti turned to Plew, and addressed him in English with a total change of tone:

"What do you here?" he asked abruptly.

"I came here, Prince Barletti, because——" He saw in Veronica's face a mute appeal to conceal the fact that she had sent for him. "Because I happened to be in town, and thought that, for old acquaintance sake, I might venture to call on your wife. I am sorry to perceive by your manner—an unnecessarily discourteous manner, you will allow me to say, towards one whom you consider your inferior—that my visit is distasteful to you."

"Distasteful! How can you think it? How distasteful? Schiavo suo! I am your slave."

"I think, Cesare, you—might—be—civil—if not kind—to an old friend of mine—whom—I—so—value," gasped Veronica, with her hand pressed to her side, to restrain the painful beating of her heart.

"Angelo mio diletto! I have a great defect. I confess it with much penance. I am not of those husbands—those amiable and dear husbands—who are kind to the old and valued friend of their wife! Che vuoi? I am made so. Son fatto così."

"You are mad, Cesare!"

"Not at all. Ah no! I have the disgrazia—the disgrace—to be in my sound mind. I have a memory—oh so good memory! Did I tell you of my antipathy—another defect—I am full of them—for a certain person? And did I say that I like him not to come in my house?"

All this while Cesare was standing with folded arms on the opposite side of the table to his wife and Plew. The latter left his position near Veronica, and advanced towards Barletti, still, however, keeping the table between them.

"I shall not trust myself to say what I think of your conduct," said the little

surgeon. "How you treat *me* matters little——"

"It matters nothing. You are right. It matters not that!" returned Barletti, snapping his fingers close to the surgeon's face. The latter stood like a rock.

"You had better take care," said he quietly. "You might chance to touch me if you did that again."

"And if so? Even if so, eh? Maledetta canaglia che tu sei!"

Plew did not understand the words, but the look and tone that accompanied them were intelligible enough. He coloured high, but spoke still in the same quiet manner, that in its unaffected manliness had a certain dignity.

"You have told your wife in my presence that you had an antipathy to me—why, Heaven knows!—and that you had desired never to see me in your house. Even had I known this, I do not think it would have prevented me from coming——"

"Without doubt! Oh, without doubt! He is pleasant, this buffone!"

"But I did not know it. And my errand here to-night was—partly—to deliver a message to your wife from her father."

"You lie!"

"Cesare!" cried Veronica, rising and holding up her hands as though to shut out the words from the surgeon's ears.

"Don't be afraid, Veronica," said Plew, with a quivering lip. "I am not a child to be carried away into passion by a vile vulgar insult from one whom I despise."

"Be silent, then!" cried Cesare, turning on her with savage fury. He spoke now in his own language, and poured out a torrent of opprobrious taunts and invectives with the volubility of an angry lazzarone.

He was jealous of Mr. Plew. Wild and incredible as the idea appeared to Veronica, it nevertheless was so. Some jesting word dropped by the vicar about Mr. Plew's old adoration for his daughter had first attracted his attention to the behaviour of Veronica towards this man. He had been struck by the unexampled fact of her taking the trouble to write letters to him from Shipley Magna. Why should she care to write to Mr. Plew? Friendship? Bah! He was not a fool. What friendship could there be between a beautiful brilliant young woman like his wife, and a man who, however unattractive he might be in Cesare's eyes, was still far from old, and, moreover, had loved Veronica in years gone by? Che, Che! If she did not love him, she allowed him to make love to her. Cesare's

jealousy was alert and furious at the thought. Then one night he comes home unexpectedly and finds this man with his wife—with his wife who had refused to go out with him in spite of his urgent request to her to do so. She had been complaining of him, too, to this accursed doctor. Did he not see the torn sleeve, the uncovered arm? There was no reproach that could lacerate a woman's feelings that he did not heap on her in his fury.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" she cried, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples, "this is more than I can bear. Listen, Cesare. Since you are so possessed with this insanity—yes, insanity! I would say so with my dying breath—I will tell you the truth. I cannot remain with you. I have made up my mind to separate from you and to live apart. You may have all the money—all the wicked, weary money; give me only enough to live on, and let me go. I am broken, and crushed. I only want peace."

"You hear the Signora Principessa!" said Cesare, resuming for a moment his mocking sneer. "You hear her! Cannot you, you valued friend, persuade her to be wise? I am her husband. Ah, I know your English law! I am master, she is slave. Cannot you advise her? But I fear you are not yourself very wise! You gave her wine. Do you not know that she has too great a penchant for the wine? Or did you perhaps teach her to love it, like the rest of the Inglesi?"

"You are more base and contemptible than I could have believed it possible for a man to be. I shall not remain longer beneath your roof. But I would have you to know that this lady is not without friends and protectors, and that the English law, which you profess to know so well, does not permit you to treat her with the gross brutality to which I can bear witness."

"Giuro a Dio!" cried Cesare, in a transport of fury. "This to me—to me! You are perhaps her protector—cane maledetto!"

"Don't go!" screamed Veronica, clinging to the surgeon's arm, and cowering away from her husband. "He will kill me when you are gone!"

With a tremendous oath Cesare seized a knife from the table, and made a thrust at the surgeon. At the same instant Veronica threw herself between the two men, and the knife, glancing off Plew's thick coat, was plunged into her side.

"O God! Veronica!" cried the surgeon,

supporting her in his arms, and, as her weight sank, kneeling down upon the round, and resting her head on his knee.

Cesare stood transfixed and motionless, looking at the flowing blood, the dark dishevelled hair that covered the surgeon's knee, the white face of his hapless wife.

"Get assistance! Call for help! You have murdered her. Veronica! Veronica!"

"Is—*is* she dead?" said Cesare. Then, without waiting for a reply, he rushed out of the room, descended the stairs with headlong vehemence, and was gone. The surgeon's cries presently brought up a crowd of scared servants, most of them heated and flustered with a revel they had been holding in their own domain, and which had prevented their hearing Cesare rush down the stairs and from the house. There was a chorus of exclamations; a confused Babel of voices. Some of the women screamed murder.

"Be quiet, for God's sake! Help me to lay her on the couch."

He had stanchd the blood as well as he could, but it still flowed, and as they lifted her to place her on the couch it broke forth afresh, and left a ghastly trail that marked their path across the gaily-flowered carpet.

"Go for a doctor instantly! Go you!" said Mr. Plew, singling out one man who looked less scared and more self-possessed than the others. He was a groom, and had not long been in the prince's service.

"I am a medical man myself," said Mr. Plew, "but I must have assistance."

The man set off, promising to make good speed. Mr. Plew then asked for water and linen, and, sending the other men away, he made two of the women assist him to do what could be done. They laid a white sheet over her, and put pillows and cushions beneath her head. In a few minutes, she opened her eyes.

"Lord be merciful! She's alive!" cried one of the women.

Mr. Plew checked her by putting his hand over her mouth.

"Be quiet. It's a matter of life and death that you should be quiet. Veronica," he added, putting his lips near to her ear and speaking very softly. "Do you know me?"

She formed the word "yes" with her colourless lips. Then her eyes languidly wandered about the room as though in search of some one. Then for the first time Mr. Plew remarked Cesare's absence.

"Where is—your master?" he asked of

one of the women, interpreting Veronica's look.

"Master? Master? I don't know! Did he come in?"

"Yes, yes, he was here. He was here just now."

"Then," cried one of the women, clapping her hands, "was it *he* that done it?"

Veronica made a violent effort to speak.

"It was not all his fault," she gasped.

"I—fell—on—the knife."

The exertion was too great for her, and she swooned again. In a few moments the groom returned, bringing with him the doctor and a policeman.

CHAPTER XVI. THE END.

"THERE is no hope. You had better send for her friends at once. Are they in London? She cannot last many hours."

The sickly grey dawn was creeping in at the windows of the room where Mr. Plew had watched all night by the side of the dying girl. Dying? Ah, yes, too surely. Before his colleague's verdict had been uttered, Mr. Plew had known full well that it was beyond mortal skill to save her. The light of a shaded lamp struggled with the dawn. They had not dared to remove Veronica from the couch on which she had been placed at first. The growing daylight gradually revealed more and more of the horrible aspect of the chamber. The contrast of its gaudy richness and bright gilding, with the awful stains that ran along the floor, and with the ghastly whiteness of the covering that concealed the helpless form on the sofa, and with the livid face and dishevelled hair tossed wildly around it, was horrible.

Both the doctors had at first concurred in thinking that there might be some hope. But after a few hours a violent fever set in. From that moment Mr. Plew knew that she was doomed. She had been delirious all night, and had asked constantly for water, water, water. But she spoke chiefly in Italian. Her faithful loving friend had watched by her through the long night of agony such as breaks the heart and blanches the head. Then with the first grey of morning came the words that head this chapter:

"There is no hope."

Her father had been telegraphed for, but it was scarcely possible that she should survive to see him, let him make the utmost speed he could.

After the long night of pain, fever, and delirium, the first rays of morning found

the sufferer sleeping. It seemed not, indeed, so much a sleep, as a lethargy, that weighed on her eyelids, surrounded by a livid violet circle that made the pallor of her cheeks and brow startling.

"Has any news been heard of the man—the Prince Cesare?" asked the London physician in a low voice of Mr. Plew. The former had not passed the whole night by Veronica's couch, as her old friend had done. He had contented himself with sending a nurse, and promising to come again in the early morning. This promise he had kept. Mr. Plew shook his head in answer to the physician's question.

"I hope they'll catch the villain," said the physician.

Mr. Plew at that moment had no thought or care for Cesare's punishment. His whole soul seemed to hang upon the prostrate form from which the life was ebbing with every breath.

"The magistrate will be here by-and-bye," said the doctor.

"She must not be disturbed!" said Mr. Plew. "She must not be tortured."

The physician slightly shrugged his shoulders, and looked at the sleeper with a cool compassion in his face. "They must not delay very long, if they want to see her alive. The end is near," said he.

Mr. Plew remained perfectly still, watching her face, from which he did not withdraw his eyes for a moment, even in addressing the other man. In his heart he was praying that she might regain consciousness and recognise him before the end.

Half an hour passed. Then there came a ring at the door, which sounded with painful metallic vibrations through the hushed house.

"I will go down and see them," said the physician, divining who the early visitors must be: and not sorry to leave a scene in which he could be of no use.

"She must not be disturbed," said Mr. Plew, still without moving or changing the fixed direction of his glance. The other nodded, and noiselessly left the room. The hired nurse sat with closed eyes in a chair in a distant corner of the room. She was not fully asleep. But she took a measure of repose, in the half-waking fashion rendered familiar by her avocations. There was a muffled sound of feet below; the closing of a door—then all was still.

Suddenly the surgeon's gaze, instead of looking on closed, violet-tinted eyelids, with their heavy black fringe, met a pair of wide-open haggard eyes, that looked

strange, but not wild: there was speculation in them.

"Mr. Plew!"

The whispered sound of his own uncouth name was like music in his ears. All the night she had been calling on Cesare, begging him to save her from *that other*; imploring him to give her a drink of water; appointing an hour for him to meet her in the Villa Reale; always associating him with some terror or trouble. She had spoken in Italian. But her husband's name, and one or two other words, had sufficed to give the watcher an idea of the images that filled her poor fevered brain.

"My dearest," he answered.

She feebly moved her hand, and he took it in his own. She closed her eyes for a moment, as though to signify that that was what she had desired him to do.

Then she opened her eyes again, and looking at him with a terrible, wide stare, whispered, "Shall I die?"

His heart was wrung with a bitter agony as he saw her plaintive pleading face, full of the vague terror of a frightened child. He pressed her hand gently, and stroked the matted hair from her forehead. He tried to speak comfort to her. But it was in vain. He could not tell her a lie.

"Don't let me die! I am very young. Can't I get better? Oh, can't I get better? I am so afraid! Keep me with you. Hold my hand. Don't let me die!"

"Veronica! My only love! Be calm! Have pity on me."

"Oh, but I am afraid, it is so dreadful to—to—die!"

She hid her face against his hand, and moaned and murmured incoherently.

"Our Father have mercy upon her!" sobbed the surgeon. Even as he sobbed, he was careful to suppress the convulsive heaving of his chest as far as it was in his power to command it, lest it should shake the hand she clung to.

Again she moved her head enough to enable her to look up at him. "You are good," she said. "You can pray. God will hear you. Will he?—will he hear you? Oh yes, yes, you and Maud. You and Maud—you and—— Do you see that tombstone in St. Gildas's grave-yard? I dreamt once that I was going to marry you, and he started out from behind the tombstone to prevent it. That was a dream. But the tombstone is there: white, all white on the turf. Don't you see it?"

"Veronica! Do you hear me?"

"Yes: Mr. Plew. Poor Mr. Plew. He loved me. Was it you?"

"I loved you. I love you. Listen! Do you think you can pray?"

"O-h-h-h! I'm afraid! But if you say—if you say it—I will try."

He uttered a short prayer.

"Do you forgive all those who have done you wrong?"

"Forgive! I am very sorry. I am sorry. I hope they will forgive me. Yes: I forgive."

"My darling, let me kiss you. You are not in pain?"

"N-no. It is so dark now! That old yew-tree shades the window too much. But we shall go away where there is more light, shan't we? We won't stay here."

"We will go where there is more light, my treasure. Lean your dear head on my arm. So. You are not frightened now?"

"Not frightened now; tired—so tired! How dark the yew-tree makes the window! Ah!"

She gave a long quivering sigh, and dropped her head upon his hand.

When they came to see if the sufferer could be spoken to, they found him standing rigid with her fingers clasped in his. He raised his hand to warn them to be silent as they entered.

"She must not be disturbed!" he whispered.

"Disturbed!" echoed the physician, advancing hastily. "She will never be disturbed more. My dear sir, you must compose yourself. I feel for your grief. You were evidently much attached to the unfortunate lady. But there is no more to be done—she is dead!"

* * * * *

Several years later there arrived in Leghorn from the United States, an Italian—a Sicilian he called himself—who was supposed by those who understood such matters to be mixed up with certain political movements of a republican tendency in the South. He was an agent of Mazzini, said one. He was a rich adventurer who had been a filibuster, said another. He was a mere chevalier d'industrie, declared a third, and the speaker remembered his face in more than one capital of Europe. Doubtless he had been attracted to the neighbourhood of Florence by its recent elevation to the rank of a metropolis. Or it might be that he had made New York too hot to hold him.

One night there was a disturbance at a low café in Leghorn near the port, frequented chiefly by Greek sailors. A man was stabbed to the heart, and his assassin,

a certain Greek of infamous character, was condemned to the galleys for life.

Of the murdered man little was known. The landlord of the café deposed that he had entered his house together with the Greek; the latter seeming more boastfully insolent and elated than was his wont, that he (the landlord) perceiving that the stranger was of a different class to the generality of his customers, was induced by curiosity to pay some attention to his conversation (in other words, to listen at the door of the miserable room occupied by the Greek), that he had heard the two men quarrelling, and the Greek especially insisting on a large sum of money, re-iterating over and over again that twenty thousand francs was a cheap price to let him off at. He supposed there had been a struggle, for he had soon heard a scuffling noise, and the voice of the Greek crying out that he should not serve him as he had served his wife! He had got assistance, and broken open the door. The stranger was dead: stabbed to the heart. Che vuole? Pazienza! the Greek had tried to escape by the window, but was too great a coward to jump. So they caught him. That was all he knew. Ecco!

The murdered man was known in Leghorn as Cesare Cesarini. But there was more than one distinguished noble who could have given a different name to him. But they never thought of doing so. The man was dead. There had been sundry unpleasant circumstances connected with his history. And would it not have been exceedingly *inconveniente* to stir up such disagreeable recollections, to the annoyance of a really illustrious Neapolitan family, who had become quite the leaders of society since their influx of wealth from the sale of some property to an English company that afterwards went to smash?

So Cesare de' Barletti sleeps in a pauper's grave, and his own people know his name no more.

Maud was not told of Veronica's tragic fate until some weeks after her marriage, her husband feeling that it would cast a deep gloom over the early brightness of their wedded life. Her grief, when she knew the truth, was sincere and intense. And her only consolation was—as she often said to the poor surgeon—to know that her dear girl had died with his loving hand in hers, and not been quite lonely and abandoned at the last.

The vicar's affliction was more demonstrative, but briefer than Maud's. He soon had troubles enough in the present to

prevent his brooding over the past. His young wife speedily discovered the anomalous nature of her position: not received by the gentry, and looked on with cold jealousy by those of her own class. She became fretful and slatternly, and turned out to have a shrewish tongue, and to be energetic in the using of it. And her vulgar family established themselves in the vicarage, and lorded it over the vicar as only the callousness of vulgarity can.

Old Joanna left her old master with regret. But, as she said, she could not stand being crowed over by Mrs. Meggitt. The faithful old woman went to live with Mrs. Hugh Lockwood, whose children—especially a bright-eyed little girl, named Veronica—she spoiled with supreme satisfaction to herself, and under the delusion that her discipline was Spartan in its rigour.

Miss Turtle inherited a trifling legacy from a bachelor uncle, who was a tradesman in London: on the strength of which legacy she set up a day-school. As she was very gentle, very honest, and very industrious, she prospered. She never married, and she and Mr. Plew continued fast friends to the end of their days.

Of the little surgeon—if these pages have succeeded in portraying him as he was—it need not be said that his life continued to be one of humble usefulness and activity. He was never merry, and seldom—to outward observation at least—sad. Once a year he made a pilgrimage to London, where he visited a lonely tomb in a suburban cemetery. But of these visits he never spoke.

And it was observed in him, that while he was always kind and gentle to all children, he was especially attached to one of Maud's little girls. But he always gave her the uncouth name she had bestowed upon herself in her baby efforts to talk—Wonca!—and he never called her Veronica.

THE END OF VERONICA.

BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES.

WE are not aware that any author has yet written the chronicles of the appendage which nature attaches to the chin and face of man; yet a great deal might be written on the subject, and a curious study made of the vicissitudes of public favour and disfavour which beards, moustaches, and whiskers have at different times undergone. A skilfully inquiring pen might

search out for us, the reasons of these ups and downs; and an interesting chapter or two might be added to the social history of ages, by recording what great men wore beards, and what others shaved. Upon a first reflection it might seem as though shaving-brushes were symptoms of civilisation, and as though man in his primitive condition must have let his beard alone. This, however, is by no means the case; in virtue of that singular impulse which prompts men, civilised or no, to disfigure themselves under pretext of adornment, man no sooner saw his face reflected in the waters of a stream, than he decided that it needed alterations, and took to running rings through his ears, and skewers through his nose, and to scrape the hair off his cheeks and chin. The first razors employed, were probably sharp flints; afterwards came shells, such as were used up to a very recent time by the natives of New Zealand; then appeared a variety of shaving implements in steel, which looked more or less like modern carving-knives or nineteenth century cork-cutters; finally, humanity was endowed with the razor.

By the Hebraical law the Jews were forbidden to shave; it is said in Leviticus xix. v. 27; and again in Lev. xxi. 5: "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." This law, however, could not have been very stringently observed, for we find frequent allusions to razors in the books of the Pentateuch; and, as great stress is laid upon the fact that the Nazarites and the priests in the Temple were forbidden to shave, it is probable that some, at least, of the children of Israel were in the habit of cutting off their beards. The law to which we have referred above, was decreed by Moses, B.C. 1490; five centuries before that time, during the reign of Semiramis, in Assyria, it was customary for men of the upper classes to wear their beards plaited and curled into tresses, like short ropes. The hair was arranged in the same fashion, as we find by the frescoes discovered in the excavations at Nineveh, by Mr. Layard and M. Botta. The Assyrian slaves and common soldiers seem, however, to have shaved, and the slaves also wore their hair much shorter and plaited less elaborately. The Egyptians appear, for the most part, to have shaved, that is, they wore neither moustaches nor whiskers; but it is still a controverted point whether that appendage which we find upon the chin of all Egyptian statues, sphinxes, and

faces of men in bas-reliefs, be a beard, or an artificial ornament. We think it must have been a beard; for, setting aside the inconvenience which would have attended the wearing of a block of wood or leather upon the chin, it is clear that this block must have had a chin-strap to support it; and we find nothing like chin-straps in the Egyptian figures still extant.

Coming to Greece, we know for certain that Socrates, Themistocles, Aristides, Pericles, and all the great heroes of Athens and Sparta, wore beards; we know, moreover, that Alcibiades was in the habit of perfuming his, and of dyeing or painting it: as also his hair and eyebrows. It is noticeable, however, that on the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, many of which are in the British Museum, only the chiefs wear beards—the soldiers, in almost every case, are beardless and moustacheless. The same thing is to be observed in well-nigh all the specimens of Greek painting that have been handed down to us; that is, upon vases, cups, and the reproductions of Greek frescoes found at Pompeii.

During the first centuries of the Roman Republic, the Romans of all classes allowed their beards to grow freely; shaving seems to have been quite unknown. It was not until the year 300 B.C. that anything like a razor was seen in Rome; but at that time a few Greek barbers had made their appearance in the forum; and although, like all innovators, they were at first received with derision, yet after a time they succeeded in getting customers; few at first; then more; until at last the barbers' shops in Rome became what the clubs are in London or the cafés in Paris: places of lounging and resort, where every one with nothing to do spends a few hours of his time each day. As the Romans grew richer from the spoils of conquered nations, and as they began to discard the simple life of their ancestors for a mode of living more in keeping with their wealth, many had slaves whose sole business was to shave them and cover their hair with greases. At first this task was entrusted to men, but Lucullus is said to have had women trained to the work; and, as a woman's hand is much lighter, and usually more skilful, than that of a man, the change was pronounced by connoisseurs to be for the better. By Julius Cæsar's time, the beard had fallen into thorough discredit among all classes of society: slaves being the only people who still wore it. Cæsar himself was shaved with scrupulous neat-

ness every morning; Pompey, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Augustus, were all clean shaven too; even Cato Uticensis, who had but slight respect for the fashions, would have thought it disreputable and unseemly to appear in a public place with a beard.

It was Trajan who first had the courage to shake off the barber's yoke. This king, an excellent monarch in many respects, discovered that his shaving occupied a considerable portion of each day; and, as he was the first emperor since Cæsar who really felt that he was on the throne for something more than eating and drinking, he relinquished a habit that cost him more minutes than he could afford to lose. Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, his immediate successors, followed in his wake, and allowed their beards to grow unclipped. After them, however, came Commodus; as this exemplary monarch found the time hang so heavily upon his hands that he was obliged to kill flies of an afternoon, it was not likely that he would discard the precious means afforded him by shaving of making half-hours go by; barbers had a new time of it, and thenceforth continued to have the Roman emperors for patrons until Edoard overturned Romulus-Augustus, the last emperor, and inaugurated the kingdom of Italy, and with it the reign of moustaches.

Meanwhile, the realm of Britain had started into being. The first Britons dyed themselves blue, as school histories tell us, and we have no positive reason to doubt the fact; but blue or not, they wore no beards. Cassibelannus, King of Cassia, the adversary of Julius Cæsar; and Caractacus, Chief of the Silures, the last champion of British independence; wore long and fierce moustaches, and hair flowing over their shoulders; but their chins and cheeks were smooth, as were also those of the Gauls, their contemporaries. The Franks, who invaded Gaul in the early part of the fifth century and destroyed the last remnants of Roman civilisation: the Saxons who under Cedric (Kerdric) soon after landed in England; introduced into the two countries the fashion of a bushy tuft at the end of the chin, with short bristly moustaches. In a painted miniature in a book of chivalry written in the eleventh century, a copy of which exists in the Bibliothèque Impériale in Paris, there are represented King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table. None have moustaches or whiskers, but all have that long tuft at the end of their chins.

In the reign of Oswie, the last of the Bretwaldas, who flourished towards the end of the seventh century, a fierce contest arose between the See of Rome and the Catholic Church of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as to how the priests should shave their heads and faces, or whether they should shave them at all: The British priests held that shaving was superfluous: the Pope, however, maintained that the use of razors was indispensable to salvation. The strife waxed warm; but, as things seemed likely to go too far, Oswie, who feared interdict and excommunication, convoked a meeting of ecclesiastics at Whitby, and there decreed: first, that priests should shave all but a thin crown of hair off their heads: secondly, that they should wear neither beard nor whiskers nor moustaches, upon pain of public penance. This was peremptory, and the English priests gave in.

Beards had come into fashion again for laymen long before this meeting at Whitby. It is likely that Oswie himself wore a full flowing beard, whiskers, and all the appurtenances; but the Emperor Charlemagne, who ascended the French throne in 768, sported only a moustache; and, for some reason or other, he had such an aversion to hairy faces, that he not only required his courtiers to shave, but furthermore made it an express condition, when he gave the dukedom of Benevento to Grimoald, that the latter should oblige the Lombards to cut off their beards. Egbert of Wessex, the first king of all England, had spent a part of his youth at the Court of Charlemagne; when he returned home to take possession of his throne, he brought with him a smooth face. The Danes, who, during this reign, infested England, were all bearded men. This was sufficient reason, had no other existed, for the Anglo-Saxons to shave: men in those days made it a point to be as unlike their enemies as possible.

Strangely enough, the beard, which had seemed a heresy to the Church of Rome in the time of Oswie, had come into favour again with the Catholic priesthood by the middle of the ninth century; bishops and priests allowed their hair to grow on their faces, and were even rather lax in shaving the crown of their heads. This scandalised the Greek Church, the ministers of which made a diligent use of razors; and the dispute upon this subject grew as fierce as it had been two centuries before, between Rome and England. On this occasion, however, the Papal See argued that as all the apostles, and notably St. Peter, had

worn beards, it was the duty of their successors to imitate them. This failed to convince the Greeks; and, in the famous edict of excommunication which the Patriarch Photius launched against Pope Nicholas in 856, it was alleged as a *major grievance* that the Latin priests refused to shave, and were consequently unworthy of entering into communion with their brethren of the Eastern Church. Philosophers of the Democritus school will smile when they remember that opinions on this mighty point have see-sawed again since that time; now-a-days, the Greek priests wear beards, and the Romish shave!

Between the ninth and twelfth centuries the fashion with regard to the wearing of moustaches and beards varied several times. History tells us that King Robert, son of Hugh Capet, who died A.D. 1031, wore in his latter years a long white beard, which in battle he allowed to flow out of his helmet to serve as a rallying sign to his soldiers. Henry the First of France, son of Robert, ascended the throne with moustaches; but having soon after received a frightful gash on the chin in combating the rebellion of his young brother, he allowed his beard to grow, in hopes that the scar would be concealed. The hope proved vain, however; the hair would only grow upon one side, whereupon, says the chronicler Bertholde: "*Ordonna le roy nostre sire que fust ragé la teste d'ung beau damoysean et que des cheveux d'yeului furrent feit une barbe moult longue et belle à voyre; ce qui fut fait. Et porta cette barbe le roy nostre sire aug au tant qu'elle dura; puis fut razé la teste d'ung autre damoysean,*" &c. &c. "The king our master ordered that the head of a handsome youth should be shaved, and that with his hair a long and fine beard should be made; which was done. And the king our sire wore this beard a year, so long as it lasted; and then the head of another youth was shaved," &c. &c.

The intercourse kept up between England and France, by means of errant knights and the crusaders, was so continuous, that the two countries set the fashions to each other pretty much as they do now; thus, the ups and downs of beards took place in both countries alike. At the commencement of the twelfth century, the order of the Templars was founded by nine French knights. They decreed, among other regulations, that all the members of the order should wear closely-cropped hair and long beards; but only the latter half of the

order was executed; the Templars, who soon became uncommonly rich, were very careful about their personal appearance, and usually allowed their hair to flow in long locks upon the dazzling white cloth of their mantles. Guy de Mole, the last grand master, endeavoured to enforce the law, but he was powerless to do so.

We find by the monastic statutes revised in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, that monks were enjoined to shave, once a fortnight during the winter months, and once every ten days during the rest of the year. Lay-brothers and protestants were to shave but once a month. The penalty for omitting to shave, was: for the first offence, to eat nothing but bread and water for four consecutive Saturdays: for the second, to be beaten with a scourge of cords. The good condition of one's razors must have been a matter of lively solicitude under such circumstances!

Everyone knows that Louis the Eleventh's barber, Oliver le Daim, was a very mighty personage. His master made him immensely rich, and gave him the title of count; nevertheless, in spite of his high rank, he continued to shave Louis until the day of the latter's death. Within ten months of this event, he was hanged by Charles the Eighth: much to the satisfaction of those who thought that he had often shorn the late king too closely. We find a curious fact mentioned, in connexion with the funeral of the famous Charles-the-Bold, Louis the Eleventh's rival, slain in 1476 at Nancy. In attending the duke's burial as chief mourner, the Duke of Lorraine put on a *gilt beard and moustaches*; this fact is stated by several chroniclers, but without surprise or emphasis: from which it is presumable that the proceeding was in some way customary.

Shaven chins remained the fashion both in France and England until 1521. But in that year, Francis the First, whilst revelling on Twelfth Night, was accidentally struck on the head by a lighted firebrand, which knocked him down and very nearly killed him. This accident led to a brain fever, in which the king's head was shaved. When he rose from his bed, after a few weeks' illness, he found all his courtiers with their heads, like his, clipped into bristles, and with sprouting beards upon their chins. Imitation, then as now, was the sincerest flattery. Francis, whose head had to be shaved periodically every three or four days during two months, was afraid of looking like a monk, if his face were

shaved too; he therefore allowed his beard to grow for good; and his example was followed during the rest of his lifetime, and during the three next reigns after him. It appears that gentlemen, when they took to wearing beards, paid an unseemly attention to them. They dyed, oiled, and perfumed them; saturated them with gold and silver dust; and before going to bed, of nights, put them up in bags called *bigot*.

Probably for this reason the clergy and magistrates of France made a stout stand against beards towards the middle of the sixteenth century. Several chapters, at that time, refused bishops who did not shave; and a decree of the Sorbonne, in 1561, decided that beards were "contrary to that modesty which should be the prime virtue of a doctor, both in law and medicine."

In England, Charles the First set the fashion of long moustaches, and of tufts under the chin. The Cavaliers became known by these distinctive signs, and by the length of their hair; the Roundheads wearing either very shaggy beards, or none at all. Cromwell wore his face completely shaven.

Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis the Fourteenth, all wore very small moustaches and little tufts; towards the end of the seventeenth century, however, the use of snuff having become prevalent, moustaches were voted inconvenient; and during the whole of the eighteenth century, the upper and middle classes of all professions continued to shave. Officers, even, wore no moustaches; it was not until the outbreak of the French revolution, and the wars that attended it, that military men once more began to cultivate hair on the upper lip. We may remark incidentally that Louis the Sixteenth, Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Mirabeau, Fox, Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, Napoleon, Byron, Moore, Grattan, Washington, Franklin, Schiller, Goethe, Nelson, Wellington, Castlereagh, and Talleyrand never wore beard, whiskers, or moustache.

Besides the various religious persecutions it has had to suffer, the head has been subjected to pecuniary inflictions. Among the taxes introduced by Peter the Great, was one upon beards. The czar had said, *Boroda lichnaia tiagota* (the beard is a useless inconvenience), and had ordered his subjects, high and low, to shave. But the Russians were attached to their beards, and many of them, the Cossacks especially, sooner than cut them off would have laid down their lives. Here upon, Peter, who

was not in the habit of trifling, first shaved himself, to show that he was in earnest, and then ordered a tax upon a sliding scale on beards and moustaches. Dignitaries, courtiers, functionaries, and merchants of St. Petersburg were to pay one hundred roubles (sixteen pounds); tradespeople and noblemen's servants, sixty roubles (nine pounds twelve shillings); the inhabitants of Moscow, thirty roubles (four pounds sixteen shillings); and peasants, two dugui (twopence-halfpenny) each time they entered the town. In receipt for the tax, the revenue officers gave a counter in brass or copper, upon one side of which was figured a nose, moustache, and beard, with the words *Boroda lichnaia tiagota*, and on the other the effigy of the Russian two-headed eagle, with the inscription, *Deughvi vsiati* (money received), or *Shevodi pochlina vsiata* (the tax on the beard has been levied). A ukase of 1722 in part modified the provisions of the original law, but compelled all the inhabitants of towns who persisted in wearing beards, to pay an impost of fifty roubles yearly, and to dress in an uniform costume. It was found necessary, however, to repeal the tax of two dugui exacted of peasants at the gates of cities, or the townspeople would have stood a fair chance of being kept short of provisions. Peter's successors, far from relaxing the severity of this novel and absurd tax, added to its rigour. In 1731, the Empress Anne decreed that any one, not being a peasant, who wore a beard, should be assessed at double the ordinary rates and taxes, besides having to pay the special tax. This was too much; men grew desperate under persecution, and many old Tory Russians preferred a voluntary exile to these vexations. It was not until the accession of Catherine the Second, in 1762, that the beards and moustaches of Russian citizens were allowed once more to flourish unmolested; though it seems that Peter the Second, the ill-fated husband of Catherine, had meditated making it penal to wear beards.

All this makes us wonder; but we must be wary of condemning, for beards have but very lately been emancipated even in England. In our country, but a few years ago, neither soldier, sailor, policeman, nor menial, might wear a beard. In France no barrister is admitted to plead, if he have moustaches; and no priest is consecrated unless he be completely shaven. French soldiers are obliged to wear the tuft under the chin, like their imperial master.

A great deal more might be said about beards, for their history is both varied and comical; but we will stop here, merely quoting in conclusion the words of Cuvier, the great naturalist, on shaving.

"I found," he said, "that my shaving took me a quarter of an hour a day; this makes seven hours and a half a month, and ninety hours, or three days and eighteen hours, very nearly four days, a year. This discovery staggered me; here was I complaining that time was too short, that the years flew by too swiftly, that I had not hours enough for work, and in the midst of my complaining I was wasting nearly four days a year in lathering my face with a shaving-brush, and I resolved thenceforth to let my beard grow."

JOVIAL JOURNALISM.

THE most popular French newspaper of the present time may be called, in this article, the *Cigarette*, and is the completest type of Parisian journalism extant. According to the account of the editor, whose truthfulness there is no reason to doubt, the circulation of the *Cigarette* is enormous; consequently, its advertisements, which are farmed by a company, extend over a page and three-quarters, or more than two-thirds of the surface of the paper.

It is the fashion in Paris to read the *Cigarette*; and to comply with this fashion is wonderfully amusing. The tone of morality and views of life therein advocated, are perhaps rather startling when first explained to an Englishman, and would not be popular in an English lady's drawing-room, or an orthodox club. But the travelled reader soon perceives that these peculiarities are national rather than individual, and that the editor and his staff are in no way personally concerned with them, further than that they propagate the latest social and political doctrines in a style pre-eminently pleasant and witty.

No British journal is conducted on the same principle. Though professedly a newspaper, the contempt of the *Cigarette* for all sorts of news is complete. It is made up almost entirely of occasional notes of the most unexpected and incongruous character. Thus, the French press having declared that the Empress Eugenie is descended from the honourable Irish family of Kirkpatrick, the *Cigarette* gratifies its readers with the following astonishing information on this subject:

"If it be really true, that the empress numbers a certain 'Kirk' among her ancestors, her majesty must be related also to Robinson. Both Daniel de Foe and Saint-etre relate the miraculous adventures of the legendary sailor 'Kirk,' who was a native of the county of Dumfries." The persons here indicated are no other than Robinson Crusoe and Alexander Selkirk; and the assurance that they are connected with the French imperial family is printed with perfect gravity in the second column of the paper, among its soberest political intelligence.

Among prominent facts of the same kind is the important statement that "Lord Sauton" and "Sir Baronnet Vere de Vere" have arrived within the past week at Nice, and we have much similar international knowledge in the same number, before we are regaled with light reading. The contributors to the *Cigarette* all sign their names, and seem to be a happy and united fraternity; but they are very seldom of the same opinion upon any subject. Sometimes, the proprietor (who is also nominally editor-in-chief), and one or more of his staff entertain convictions of so opposite a character that they come to an open dispute, and argue it out amicably in a series of leading articles, abounding in spirit and good-humour. The public take a lively interest in these discussions. Every contributor to the paper is, so to speak, a personal friend of the Parisian world, indeed, of "tout le monde," as it calls itself. We, the readers of the *Cigarette*, know all their acquaintance, their habits, and mode of life; where they dined yesterday, where they mean to dine to-morrow, the tradesmen they employ, and the works of art they admire. The paper has a freshness and liveliness about it quite astonishing when compared with our own newspaper paragraphs. The editor is a favourite actor, who is always on the stage of our social life. His portrait, in every conceivable attitude, figures in the shop-windows of all the print-sellers; and no photographer's advertisement-frame is complete without him. This worthy and genial gentleman seems absolutely to live in public, and diligently records every act of his existence in the columns of his journal. Thus, he had a house to be let or sold, and the subject was treated in a leading article so delightful that almost the entire population of Paris went to look at it. It was visited by so many holiday parties, bent on passing an agreeable day, that another leading article, of a

still more amusing character, was written to moderate the enthusiasm of persons whose imagination had been over-excited by the first. Whenever it chanced that one of the staff has a duel, or a love affair, or makes a joke at an evening party, or buys a new coat, the capital city of France and its suburbs is informed of the circumstance. These confidences are made in a style so terse, vigorous, and elegant, they have such a vivid human interest, that the reader is infinitely charmed by their perusal, and the bright, friendly little print appears every morning as the most familiar and welcome of guests. Even to read it again at a café after dinner, is as invigorating as a glass of curaçoa.

The most enchanting part of the business is that this joyous literary composition gives us nothing wearisome or dull. Some time ago, indeed, when the editor-in-chief was absent, it got into a bad habit of conveying small quantities of solid information to its readers; but on his return he observed this peculiarity with disfavour, published a reprimand of his contributors in place of their usual articles, and summarily put a stop to the practice: recommending them to be merrier and wiser in future. Nevertheless it is indubitable that a newspaper must say something about passing events, and lately the most modish topic was the trial of M. Tropmann. Accordingly, one day, the whole of the space usually devoted to leading articles was taken up with that extraordinary investigation. Politics, literature, jokes, were all thrust unceremoniously aside to make way for this law report. Even the feuilleton was omitted, and considerably more than half the available surface of the paper was devoted to the concerns of the Pantin assassin. The account of the proceedings was in every respect remarkable. As an imaginative work, it was of a high order; but as a piece of fact, on comparing it with the reports of less ably written papers, there were strange discrepancies to be found. According to the statement of the *Cigarette*, Tropmann must have been one of the most extraordinary young men who ever lived. His replies, while under the stern interrogatories of the president of the criminal court, were so brief and pertinent, that it is nearly impossible they could have been given in the language cited, by an uneducated mechanic of twenty years old. The report is altogether as interesting as a well-written romance. The judge, the advocates, the witnesses, are each personally

described in an extraordinarily vivid and striking manner. Effect is given to every intonation and characteristic of the speakers; and each is introduced with a short biography. There is no such reporting as this in the English press; and here it would have been considered unfair towards the prisoner, as tending to arouse a feeling of supernatural abhorrence against him; but the interest and genius of the narrative are unquestionable and masterly.

The report of the trial of Tropmann is followed by a *Chronique de Paris*, which contains a letter from the Emperor to M. Emile Ollivier and a list of the new ministry without comment or remark. Then follows a jocular money article, three occasional notes on personal subjects, and a theatrical criticism. The rest of the paper is composed of advertisements; but even some of those are so cleverly edited as to be sprightly, suggestive, and readable. In fact, they very often *must* be read; since now and then there is a smart joke in the body of the paper, and the reader is referred to an advertisement for the point of it. One advertisement is set to a popular air, printed in musical types; another concerns the immortal M. Foy, the marriage agent: who appears to keep a large assortment of noblemen and marriageable ladies constantly on view at his establishment, open to any eligible offer.

THE BOWL OF PUNCH.

UPSTANDING, and brim every glass!

Outside the wind is sobbing,

Let it lament, so we can watch

The golden lemon bobbing.

Upon the steaming fragrant sea

The precious fruit swims gaily,

To Cupid let us Aves sing,

And to old Care a Vale.

The silver ladle that I wave,

My sceptre shall be, mind ye!

I stir the liquid that has spells,

Black cares of life to bind ye.

The vapour of this magic draught

To kings will transform each one;

The floor beneath has turned to clouds;

Ha! look up there, I'll reach one!

Hark, how the fretful shrewish wind

Is through the keyhole scolding,

Joy listening from the ingle side,

His lazy arms is folding.

Mirth laughs to see within his glass

The mellow spirit beading,

While Wisdom squeezes sour drops,

Of Sorrow little heeding.

They talk of nectar dear to Jove,

And praise its unknown flavour,

The Greeks were fools; no nectar yet

Had ever such a savour

As this sweet liquid that we've brewed

In the great bowl before us:

Upstanding all, join hand in hand,

And comrades chant a chorus.

'Tis magic drink! Enchanted, we

Seem raised upon some steeple;

Below us cities lie, like toys,

With busy ants for people.

Kings spread before us crowns and gems,

And beauty smiles propitious;

Why, waggons brimming o'er with gold

Would make Job avaricious!

The spell dies out, the glamour fades,

Enchantment is all over,

You would not find so dull a lot

From Berwick town to Dover.

No longer kings, we pay the bill,

Which really seems tremendous:

Indeed, old Brown looks very blue,

And swears it is stupendous.

One golden curl of lemon peel

Droops o'er the bowl regretful;

We're no more wizards, Robinson,

Come, Jones, man, don't be fretful!

To-morrow night another crew

Will find new joy and pleasure,

Deep hidden in this bowl of ours,

Our landlord's special treasure.

A LITTLE SECRET.

"It is with unmitigated gratification," said my friend, Richard Longchild, between the puffs of his cigar, "that I have obtained from the excavatory (puff) perquisitions of the persevering (puff) Jones, overwhelming corroboration of the heretofore theoretical deterioration of the (puff) species, *man*. Nothing can be more satisfactory. It is now (puff) *known*, that we are descending, sir, at the rate of two inches and an eighth per century."

"I don't see the fun of *that*, though," said I.

"It shows, at least, what we were," rejoined Mr. Longchild, rather bitterly.

"The indefatigable archæologist, in (puff) demonstration of the indestructibility——"

"I must be off in ten minutes, Dick," I remarked.

Dick took the hint, and dropping from his polysyllabic stilts, came lightly to the ground.

"Yes. Jones has put his thumb upon a chap who might, in his lifetime, if in condition, have whopped any amount of authenticated bones we know of. In the much-admired, but carefully-avoided, island of Sardinia, there was a spot known by the natives as the Giants' Sepulchre. It proved to be thirty-seven feet in length, by six in breadth."

"The skeleton?"

"No. The grave. And ditto in depth."

"Thirty-seven feet!"

"No, six. With enormous stones reclining on their massive bosoms," continued Mr. Longchild, a little obscurely. "It was upon raising one of these, that

the important discovery was made that there was nothing beneath. Nay, I am wrong! Embedded in the soil, an object was perceptible, strongly resembling, both in form and volume, the drumstick of a Cochinchina fowl. You smile. Wait. Slight and inconsequential as this success may appear, it encouraged the party to further explorations. These resulted, to cut my story short, in the actual discovery of the remains of a colossal human being, who could not have been less than twenty-five feet six inches in stature! Jones's amazement may be conceived!"

"It cannot exceed mine!" said I.

"But it was probably nothing," continued Dick, "compared with that of Sertorius, if we may believe Plutarch. 'How great,' remarks that usually cold and cautious writer (betrayed for a moment into enthusiasm), 'how great was his surprise, when, opening the sepulchre of the Phœnician Antœus, he beheld a body sixty cubits long!'"

"I should think so!"

"Now," resumed my friend, brightly, "what is this pigmy, compared with more recent acquisitions? What would Sertorius have said to the giant of Trapani—sixteenth century—described by Boccaccio: who attained the height of two hundred cubits, and one of whose teeth, yet sound and serviceable, and weighing six pounds four ounces avoirdupois, is still preserved in the museum at Berlin?"

"Labelled, ignorantly, 'mastodon.' I have seen it," said I.

"While," concluded Longchild, frowning, "remains even more stupendous, have revealed themselves to the scientific investigator. I cannot accept three hundred feet, British measure, as the ordinary stature of man, at any definite epoch. But, twenty-five is a very different affair. It is, in point of fact, hardly more than double the height of well-developed individuals of our own time, occasionally to be seen——"

"For a shilling," I put in.

"Undeteriorated specimens," pursued Mr. Longchild, firmly, "of a race that peopled the earth in its august adolescence. To what may we attribute their present rarity? Simply to this. That, nature, delighting in contrasts, somewhere called into existence a new and puny race, intended probably as objects of curiosity and mirth to their mightier brethren. That, nevertheless, one of the latter, with a morbid love of the opposite, and a disregard of the general interests of humanity which

cannot be too severely reprehended, took to wife some wretched little fifteen-foot thing, and inaugurated that decadence, of which," concluded Dick, striking his palm upon the table with a force that made the glasses ring, "we are reaping the bitter, and humiliating fruits!"

"But," I observed, "to return to these highly valuable Sardinian remains. Is there no reason to apprehend that they may be claimed by the country to which they undoubtedly belong? There are antiquarians in that island—Spano, and others—no less enthusiastic than our own indomitable Jones."

"Spano," replied Mr. Longchild, "handsomely declined to advance any claim on behalf of his government. It is true, he did not seem entirely satisfied that Jones's conjecture was correct."

"The skeleton was incomplete?"

"To the uninitiated, yes," said Dick. "The non-scientific observer demands that everything should be revealed to his actual senses. *Literally*, then, these invaluable relics consisted of a most gratifying, though inconsiderable, portion of the thigh-bone: a fibula that left nothing to be desired: and, to crown all, a couple of grinders! These, my friend, were all. But here, science steps in to our aid. Through her marvellous lens, we see these seemingly dis severed bones draw together, and, united with their missing fellows, grow into the mighty creature of which they had once formed part. We gaze, with awe and rapture, on those ship-like ribs; those tree-like legs; that dome-like head! We look upon each other, and redden with shame, as the fancy occurs to us, that had one of *us* to act as dentist to this gigantic thing, he would have to bear the tooth away upon his shoulder!"

Dick was silent for a moment, then resumed more calmly:

"All this, Harry, confirms me in the belief that we all spring from one giant stock. If comparison with the remains of our massive sires be painful to our vanity, let us at least exult in the knowledge, thus confirmed, of what we once were. I, myself," continued Dick, drawing himself up with dignity, "as my name, Longchild, would seem to imply, am a scion of a race remarkable for length of limb. If a baby could be described as colossal, I deserved that appellation."

"The painful reflection, after all, is, what we shall ultimately descend to," interrupted I.

"What indeed! My dear fellow, if we have already dwindled from three hundred feet, to six, can you blame me for dwelling on the glorious records of the past, rather than on a coming period when the average height of man will be—pah! eighteen inches—with a tendency to further diminution? And I confess I derive but little comfort from the reflection that our (by that time) gigantic remains will, when exhumed centuries hence, extort the admiration of the tribe of hop-o'-my-thumbs calling themselves men, who will come swarming around to gaze upon our massive frames!"

Longchild puffed out his chest, and stretched himself generally, as if in full enjoyment of the posthumous renown on which he loved to dwell.

The excitement, however, was but transient. Dick's spirits were evidently depressed; and, aware that at such times he preferred to take refuge in his own reflections, I bade him farewell, reminded, as I did so, of my promise to visit him at Gaunthope-the-Towers (a place that had descended to him in Cornwall), the following week.

"Then, my dear Hal," he concluded, as, with a sigh, he pressed my hand: "you, who are already possessed of one sad grief of my life, shall learn a second fearful secret, one which, I am persuaded, will, independent of our friendship, have a certain romantic interest for you, and on which I earnestly desire your counsel."

I have recorded the foregoing conversation, in order to exhibit my friend astride of his favourite hobby, the gradual deterioration of our species from the hale and healthy giant, considered as cut off prematurely at seven hundred and fifty years, to the puny little contrivance now, by the combined operation of luck, and care, and skill, kept going for threescore and ten.

Nor was Dick colossal only in his theories. Everything about him had a gigantic flavour and twang. He spoke, when he thought of it, hoarsely and hugely. He used the most tremendous words and phrases. He surrounded himself with weighty and expansive accessories. His bed might have been the consort of that of Ware. In the calm waters of his bath the university match might almost (at a pinch), have been rowed. He wrote the smallest note with a quill furnished by the eagle or the swan. His walking-stick might have been wielded by the drum-major of the Guards. His favourite riding-hack was over seventeen hands in height.

Gaunthope-the-Towers hung, like a gloomy frown, upon the face of a dense and lofty wood. It might easily have been the residence of one of those tremendous persons who, before the days of their destroyer, Jack, regarded Cornwall with peculiar favour.

There was a smaller mansion, Gaunthope Lodge, lurking in the skirts of the wood, which, when found, proved to be somewhat like its gloomy neighbour, minus the towers, and reminded you of an ill-favoured dwarf, in attendance on a giant. Mr. Longchild affected to regard this appanage as of about the dimensions of a hencoop, and magnificently left it to the occupation of his sub-forester.

A carriage drive, about the width of Regent-street, London, gave convenient access to Gaunthope-the-Towers, the great portals of which, were some fifteen feet high. The hall displayed a complete museum of truculent weapons: clubs, maces, two-handed swords, and the like, such as might have been wielded by Titans.

I was met, at the station, by Mr. Longchild's mail phaeton: a machine, or rather, moving edifice, of alarming size, to which were yoked two steeds of corresponding magnitude. The very whip placed in my hand was of such preposterous length as to assist the illusion that crept over me, as we thundered heavily along, of going on a visit to some friendly giant, and fishing, as I went, in a black and heaving sea.

Dick was waiting on the steps of his majestic dwelling, and seemed, good fellow! heartily glad to see me.

"Nice little things, those!" he remarked, nodding towards his phaeton, as it veered slowly round in the direction of the stables. "Light trap, light horses! But to-morrow I'll introduce you to something like bone and substance, worthy of a brighter age."

There was no one but ourselves at dinner. Longchild, on succeeding to the property, two years before, had, so far from cultivating his neighbours, been at some pains to make it well understood that, as a mere bird of passage, he did not desire to form any local connexions whatever.

Nevertheless, the bird of passage must have found sufficient to interest him, for he remained glued to his perch in a manner that awakened considerable general interest, and a special curiosity as to what on earth he did with himself. Dick exulted in this. There was something gloomy, minacious, gigantic (so to speak), in thus standing mysteriously aloof. The domestic habits of the

Cornish giant have never been ascertained with precision, and Mr. Longchild, resolving that no light should be cast on the matter through a degenerate descendant of that lamented race, sternly repelled attempts to lure him from his solitude.

In furtherance of his general plan, he made it his habit to ride after dark. Many a belated rustic, though your Cornishman is no heart-of-hare, felt a thrill of astonished fear, as two mighty horsemen, looming large in the rising mist, swept heavily across his way. Small blame to them! For Dick always bestrode his biggest horse, and was followed by his groom—a fellow seven feet high, mounted on an animal quite up to his weight—and they must have looked like Godfrey de Bouillon, of Westminster, attending George the Third, of Pall-Mall.

We were waited on, at dinner, by a butler and two footmen, whose united length must (I am afraid I shall hardly be believed), have exceeded twenty feet. Everything was on the like tremendous scale, and Dick carried his singular hobby so far as to eschew the small and delicate cates, which, in his heart, he loved, in order to dine off joints that might have satisfied a bevy of aldermen.

When soup, a mighty turbot, a brace of capons the size of Norfolk turkeys, and a calf's-head, had been removed, there was heaved upon the board a magnificent haunch of venison.

"Harry, my good fellow," said my host, in a tone of regretful apology, "I am afraid you see your dinner."

I replied, with some alacrity, that I had distinctly perceived it, half an hour ago.

"Nonsense!"

"It is true."

"Fie, fie!" said Dick, remorselessly beginning to carve.

"If you were to add 'fo-fum,' in the manner of your distinguished ancestors, I should still tell you I can do no more."

"Now, see here," said Dick, in a reasoning tone. "This will never do. Those lighter matters were merely provocatives and toys. (White burgundy, to Mr. Halsewell in a chalice.) Taste that, my friend. Then resume your weapons, and to your duty, if you be a man."

"If I were twenty-five men, you should not invite me twice. As it is, my appetite is gone. It was hale, but not immortal. It dwindled with the capon. It vanished with the calf's-head."

"Well, well," said Dick, "the fault is

not ours. Let nature bear the blame of her own degeneracy. How melancholy to reflect that, at a period of dinner when half a bullock, and a couple of hogs, would have been dealt with by my forefathers as a woodcock and a brace of larks, we cower and quail before a miserable haunch! Take away, and bring pitchers and pipes."

Two mighty claret-jugs, and some Turkish pipes (of which the specimen selected by Dick reached nearly to the window), having been produced, the butler placed a large carved box on the table, between us, and withdrew.

"Help yourself," said my friend, pushing the box, not without an effort, within my reach. "My great-great-grandmother's favourite snuff-box! She was nearly seven feet high, large in proportion, and snuffed inveterately. This box—chest, we should now call it—lasted her two days. And now, dear boy," he continued, "fill your pitcher, and listen to me. Harry, you see before you a miserable man."

"Go on."

"I tell my chosen friend that I am a miserable man," said Mr. Longchild, faintly, "and am simply requested to 'go on!'"

"Before I can sympathise with my friend's sorrows, I must know them."

"Harry, I am in love."

"My good fellow!"

"You're such a devil of a distance off," said Dick, "that I can't shake hands with you; else, for the sympathy expressed in your tone, I would give you a grip you should remember for a fortnight. Yes, Harry, I love."

"Do so. Marry. And be happy."

"Harry, you know the upas-tree under which it is my lot to dwell," rejoined Dick, "and you bid me love, and marry."

"I don't positively insist upon your doing either. It was only a hope, rather let me say, an expectation; for I see that your mind is made up."

"To the first, yes," said Dick, refilling his immense pipe, and sending forth a volume of smoke that almost obscured him, blushes and all. "But fill your goblet. It was towards the close of a sultry August day, that a solitary horseman might have been noticed, issuing from the picturesque defile created by the diggings of the Corburan and Trediddlem Railway, in close proximity to the sequestered and intensely Cornish village of Trecorphen. The animal he bestrode, though not less than seventeen and a half hands high, was almost concealed

by the folds of the enormous travelling-cloak, worn—in deference to the inclemency of a British summer—by the rider.

"An apparition so unwonted attracted to the casements more than one comely rustic face, usually on the broad grin; but to none of these did that pensive traveller vouchsafe the slightest heed, until he had arrived opposite the very last dwelling: an edifice half-hidden in trees, and singular enough, in structure, having rather the appearance of a couple of tall dovecots, placed one upon another, with an observatory topping all.

"I never saw so queer a wigwam!" continued Dick, dropping the incognito. "Although of inordinate height, it consisted of only two floors, the lower of which might have accommodated a cameleopard, who had a growing family in the nursery above.

"I checked my horse, and was admiring the simple grandeur of the building, when a—a figure—came into view." (Dick's voice trembled slightly, and he passed his hand across his brow.) "You are, doubtless, not unacquainted with that majestic abstraction popularly known as Britannia. Sir, if for the shirt of mail, we substitute a woollen spencer; for the fork with three prongs, one with *two*; and for the helmet a natural diadem of fawn-coloured hair, interspersed, for the moment, with wisps of hay; you have before you the noble object I am feebly endeavouring to depict.

"The hair decorations I have mentioned, proceeded from a truss of hay which she bore upon her shoulder, and which she flung up, as though it had been a penny roll, in the direction of a massive head and shoulders which appeared at the window of an adjacent loft.

"It was only when she turned and faced me, that I became aware of the full magnificence of that fair woman's proportions. I speak of her, of course, as compared with existing races. In brighter ages, a mere doll, she was, now, what might not inaptly be termed a giantess. Henry Halsewell, that grand development was seven feet two inches in stature!"

"Without her shoes?"

"Or stockings," replied Mr. Longchild, solemnly; "she hadn't either. This Cornish Britannia was, I should say, about three-and-twenty. Her manner, sir, was easy and dignified; and, as she dibbed the handle of her tri-bident, I mean—into the soil, and placing her white elbow between the prongs, gazed at me with great calm eyes, the size of cheese-plates, I felt my whole

being dilate and thrill, in a manner to which I had been totally unaccustomed.

"My appearance, or that of my horse seemed to awaken her interest. Summoned by a graceful backward movement of her disengaged thumb, the individual in the loft descended and stood by her side. He also, was (for modern times) hale and well-grown: standing a good eight feet in his boots.

"For a whole minute, we gazed silently on each other. Then the male giant spake:

"I say, mister, won't ye step in? There an't no charge, and father's a sight bigger nor *we*. He's doubled up with rheumatis' just now, but he don't mind bein' draw'd out for strangers."

"My good sir!" I replied, rather taken aback by this address: "By no means. Your worthy father shall not be forcibly straightened for *me*. Do not mistake a very pardonable admiration for intrusive curiosity. The attraction outside your mansion is more than sufficient. May I beg you to present me to your char—that is, your sister? My name is Longchild."

"Hern's Pettidoll."

"I bowed, and a gracious smile widened Britannia's lips to the extent of about a quarter of a yard. 'Pettidoll!'

"There's sixty foot of us in family altogether, between eight; wi'out count o' the baby, which, bein' only a year old, an't four foot, yet," remarked Mr. Pettidoll. "But won't ye come down for a bit?" he added, with involuntary deference to the stature of my steed.

"Wouldn't I come down! Ah, Harry! What would I not have given to 'come down;' to stand before that blessed creature; to tell her that here, at last, was the realisation of my dream; that, united with *her*, and parent, perchance, of a line of giants, I—But, no, no. Once dismounted, the sense of insignificance in proximity to proportions so vast, would be too strong for me. One single moment, I hesitated. I even disengaged my right foot, preparatory to coming down, but my heart failed. I flung all the passion that was seething in my soul, into one look, and rode hastily away. But, sir, that look had been returned! She loved. Britannia loved me!

"Turning an angle in the road, I glanced back. She was immovable; leaning on her bident; her eyes (plainly visible even at that distance) still fixed on my retreating form."

"And that is the end of the story?"

"No. The beginning. I have visited this remarkable family," said Dick, with heightened colour, "more than once: more, I may say, than twenty times. They grow, sir—"

"I should have thought that impossible!"

"Hear me out—grow more and more, upon me. Britannia (Susan, I mean) is an angel! As she stood, with her broad white hand on my horse's mane—"

"You are always on horseback?"

"I have never," said Mr. Longchild, "mustered courage to disabuse her of the idea she manifestly entertains, that I am of a stature equal to her own. She would not like to look down upon me. And Harry," continued Dick, looking at me with wistful interrogation: "She *would* look down upon me, eh?"

"Well, physically, perhaps, yes. Intellectually—"

"Bah!" said Dick. "Now, Harry, you know my sad history, and myself, well. I put it to you, what chance, what hope, have I in the world, of making this splendid piece of nature my wife?"

"Knowing, as you say, my good friend, both yourself, and what you style your sad history, I affirm that you have every chance and hope. You shall marry the object of your singular passion."

"Harry!" exclaimed Dick, his really noble face lighting up in every massive lineament. "You good fellow! You give me new life! Complete the work. Lend me your assistance."

"Command it, in everything. If taking you on my back in the momentous crisis of proposal, would give you a sufficient advantage in point of—"

"No jesting, if you love me," interrupted Dick. "Come of it what may, note that I am in earnest. I have set my heart upon this girl, and if I seem—timid, shall I call it?—it is because I do not wish to throw a single chance away. Susan Pettidoll is peculiarly sensitive, and (no unusual thing with these finer natures) keenly alive to the ridiculous. On my horse, I am her emperor, her lord! On the earth, beside her, what am I!"

"But, surely, she does not suppose that she has been receiving the addresses of a giant?"

"I, I, am not sure of *that*," interrupted Dick, colouring slightly. "I may have permitted myself allusions, tending vaguely, in the most indirect manner, to foster that supposition; and herein lies the difficulty

from which I rely upon your tried friendship, Harry, to extricate me."

"Speak!"

"I am due," said Dick, gravely, "at Trecorphen to-morrow; and sure I am that the whole colossal fraternity entertain the liveliest expectation that I shall then formally demand my Susan's extensive hand. You must visit, must see her, must (kindly, but firmly) divorce her mind from the cherished faith that my stature is absolutely gigantic, or that I can even (speak with perfect candour) hold my own among her colossal kin. Succeed in this, and," concluded Dick, with quiet exultation, "I will answer for the rest."

The next afternoon found me at Trecorphen. The residence of the Pettidolls was easy to discover. Everybody in the sequestered village knew, and appeared to hold in high respect, that giant family: whose ancestors, I found, had been substantial farmers in the vicinity.

My summons at the lofty portal was answered by the young lady herself, in whose fair large face I fancied I could detect a slight shade of disappointment at the appearance of love's ambassador instead of love himself. She was decidedly handsome, and, despite her amazing stature, which fully confirmed Dick's computation, was, nevertheless, as brisk and graceful in her movements as a fairy!

A human mountain, designated as "Brother Will," who appeared to have been playing with the four-foot nursing, presently vanished with his charge; and I was left alone with Britannia to execute my delicate mission.

Space forbids me to repeat, at length, the conversation that ensued. Three things became clear. First, that the singular attachment was reciprocated; secondly, that Miss Pettidoll was fully prepared for the proposal I was empowered to make; thirdly, that a persuasion that her lover was of height commensurate with her own, had full possession of her mind.

By way of preparation, I drew a moving picture of my poor friend's present mental condition, not to speak of that to which he would infallibly be reduced, should my mission, when fully declared, prove ineffectual. Britannia was touched. She even shed a mighty tear, avowing, with quiet simplicity, that her happiness (as far as she could judge of it), was involved in this affair. But then, alas! her father, still lying indisposed within, had peculiar views with regard to his daughter's marriage,

and to him, she must, of necessity, refer me. Would I see him? Of course. With pleasure. And we entered.

Mr. Pettidoll, reclining on a couch that might have served for Og, was still in a rheumatic state of curve, but might (at a rough calculation) have reached, when elongated, to about ten feet and a half. He had a fine old reverend head, and would have made an imposing study of an ancient patriarch in his decay.

To him, I repeated the particulars of my mission, and expressed my hope of a favourable reply.

Mr. Pettidoll cleared his throat, and, with language and manner somewhat above his apparent station, replied as follows:

"Young gentleman; my young friend, if I may call you so; I am now an aged man; and, though I hope at all times a resigned, I have not been a happy, one. The remarkable proportions which Providence has allotted to my race, have been the cause of much mortification, much separation from the general community of man, and, by consequence, much loss and curtailment of things appertaining to material comfort. My resolution was long since taken, and has acquired the force of an absolute *vow*—never to permit one of my daughters to marry an individual of unusual stature. Giants are an anachronism. Never, never, with my consent—shall the unhappy race be renewed! Sir, my answer is given. Thanks, thanks, to your high-minded friend, but his offer is declined. Susan shall never wed a giant-husband."

"Thanks to *you*, my dear Mr. Pettidoll!" I exclaimed, starting up, and grasping as much of the hand of the good old man as mine would hold. "My friend Longchild is *not*, as you apprehend, gigantic—save in heart," I added; for I caught sight of Miss Susan hovering within ear-shot.

"Not gigantic? That is well. But," continued Mr. Pettidoll, "opinions are various. Mr. Longchild's stately bearing! Mr. Longchild's commanding form! The powerful animal Mr. Longchild is compelled to use! These are indications of something beyond the height I could desire to see."

"Reassure yourself, dear sir," I replied (a little uneasily, for I did not know how the young lady might take it); "my friend is not—no, certainly he is not—six feet high."

"Good!" said the giant, relieved.

And, to my unspeakable satisfaction, Britannia clasped her hands, as in thankfulness.

"I should, perhaps, be wrong," I resumed, gaining courage, "if I estimated Longchild's height as exceeding five-feet six."

"Better!" cried Mr. Pettidoll, sitting up in bed, to a towering height, and rubbing his hands.

"Will you be astonished," I faltered (not daring to look towards Susan), "if I frankly state that my friend's height is under five feet?"

(I heard a giggle.)

"Best of all!" roared the old gentleman, flinging up his nightcap.

"Not, not, *quite*," I stammered. "Come, the truth must out! My dear friend, Longchild, sustained an accident in his childhood, which limited his height (naturally moderate), to—to—*four feet and a half*."

"That man is my son-in-law!" shouted Mr. Pettidoll, almost straightening himself in his ecstasy.

And there came, in Susan's broken accents, from the adjacent room:

"Little darling!"

The largest chalice in Gaunthopeth-Towers was replenished twice that night.

THE GREAT MAGYAR.

IN FOUR PARTS. CHAPTER IX.

THE deviations of the magnetic needle do not coincide more precisely with the periodic convulsions of the solar atmosphere than the fluctuating condition of Count Szechenyi's health coincided with that of his country's fortunes.

Between the month of September, 1848, and the month of August, 1849, Hungary was the theatre of a great historical tragedy. During the whole of that period the character of Szechenyi's madness was fearfully violent. On the 11th of August, 1849, the Hungarian tragedy was acted out, when the sword of an exhausted nation was surrendered to its foreign conqueror. From that moment both Hungary and Szechenyi subsided into the sullen lethargy of a profound dejection. A countenance in which all expression seemed for ever extinguished—more greatly grievous from its great want of grief—the sullen squalid ruin of a noble nature—this was all that now remained of the Great Magyar. To a period of exasperation had succeeded a period of silence. To the period of silence again succeeded a period of loquacity, wretched, miserable loquacity!—the loquacity of an unreasoning and unreasonable remorse. This lasted for two years. To-

wards the end of the year 1850, a feeble ray of reason reappeared. Ennui is surely a most intelligible affliction; and (promising symptom of intelligence!) Dr. G6rgen's patient began to be bored. To amuse and distract him, his guardians had recourse to all sorts of childish games. Increasing evidence of intelligence!—amusements failed to amuse him. He even showed himself able to appreciate the excessive tediousness and stupidity of conversation with his fellow-creatures. But he had always been fond of chess; and chessmen are, perhaps, the only men for whose conduct a wise man should ever make himself responsible. The count's reviving passion for chess soon became all-absorbing. But it was not easy to find him a partner incapable of being tired out by his assiduity. At last, however, this difficult desideratum was secured.

A poor Hungarian student, whose name was Asboth, was, at this time, finishing his studies at the University of Vienna. In the intervals of study, he gained a few florins by teaching languages, and in this way he earned, meagrely enough, the means of paying for his own education. Asboth was induced to pass all his evenings at D6bling, playing chess with Dr. G6rgen's illustrious patient. The poor student was paid so much an hour for this chess-playing, which usually began at six in the afternoon, and often lasted till day-break next morning. But one evening Asboth failed to appear at the usual hour. What was the matter? He had gone mad! Shortly afterwards he died. When the count heard of Asboth's death his grief was excessive, and he sobbed like a child. From bondage to the fantastic but terrible suffering of his own mysterious affliction, Szechenyi was released by the wholesome emotion of this simple sorrow. Gradually he recovered—not, indeed, the hopes, the aspirations, and the energies which he had lost for ever in the defeat of his country's independence, but the full command of his fine intellect.

First his wife and children, then a host of friends, were admitted to see him. Their visits comforted his solitude, and their converse revived his interest in public affairs. One day the count's valet informed him that a soldier, who had come to see him, was anxious to be admitted.

"A soldier! What is his name?"

"Joseph, he says."

"I remember no soldier of that name. Yet it may be some old servant whom I should be ashamed to have forgotten. Admit him."

The door opened, and next moment the young Archduke Joseph flung himself into the arms of the count.

"Ah, how good, how kind of your Imperial Highness."

"Bah! my dear count; for Heaven's sake don't Imperial Highness, but tutoye, me, as you did in the good old time when you used to dance me (troublesome brat that I was!) upon your knees."

The poor count clung tenaciously to the asylum he had found at D6bling, nor could the frequent entreaties of his family ever induce him to quit it. Yet from its window, as it were, his intellect, supreme in its superiority to those on whose conduct he was henceforth to look down, an inactive but keenly critical spectator, surveyed the world outside, with a political coup d'6il rarely equalled in accuracy of vision.

CHAPTER X.

THE political deluge of 1848 had subsided, but the old landmarks did not reappear. On the surface nothing was visible save wreckage. Never before or since, in the history of the Austro-Hungarian empire, has there been a period so propitious to the task of political reconstruction in a conservative spirit as that which immediately succeeded the revolution of 1848. But this precious moment was lost in the absence of any political intelligence capable of understanding and utilising it. All political parties were then exhausted, all political quacks discredited; society had learned by a bitter experience to mistrust its own strength. It was willing to be doctored and nursed and put on the strictest regimen; but, above all things else, it needed and longed for repose. It had the misfortune, however, to have for its doctors only Prince Schwartzenberg and Baron Bach. These politicians (statesmen we cannot call them) could think of no more judicious treatment for their patient than to put the poor wretch, first of all, through a severe course of courts-martial, then tie it up hand and foot in the tightest ligatures of red tape, gag it, tweak its nose, and spit in its face. This was called a conservative policy.

Baron Bach was, or rather is (for, though politically dead, he is yet, physically, alive) a man of rare intellectual activity. But his intellect is like that of Philip the Second of Spain: the intellect of a born bureaucrat, which looks at all that is great through a diminishing glass, and all that is small through a magnifying glass. Prince Schwartz-

berg, though not a wise minister, was not an ordinary man. His self-esteem and self-confidence were enormous. He was a grand seigneur by temperament as well as social position: the head of a semi-royal house, with more than imperial pride in all that he was, and all that he represented. Brilliant in conversation, energetic in action, always effective in official correspondence, he was vain, haughty, self-asserting, overbearing, but gifted with a singular power to charm and subdue, when he pleased, both men and women. He was a passionate and unscrupulous man of pleasure, whose love of pleasure was, however, united with an immense ambition, and a remarkable facility for public affairs. He brooked no rival either in affairs of state, or in affairs of gallantry, and never scrupled to use his political power to crush the objects of his private dislike. He had an unmitigated contempt for every variety of the human species which did not find its culminating representative perfection in himself. And as the only portion of the human species which Providence had reserved for this honour was the purely German aristocracy of Austria, the very existence of all the other nationalities of the empire was, under his régime, superciliously ignored. The most eminent and wealthiest Hungarian magnates—men whose properties are amongst the largest in Europe, and who had been taught by Szechenyi and his disciples to study with affectionate assiduity every inch of their native soil—now found themselves subjected, in the minutest details of local administration, to the clumsy insolence of under-bred and ill-educated official clerks, sent from Vienna to rule over populations of whose language they were ignorant, in provinces of which the geography even was but imperfectly known to them. The little finger of Schwarzenberg was heavier than the whole body of Metternich; and national susceptibilities which had been tenderly managed by the great prince, were insulted without provocation by his successor. To the man who now governed the empire it was intolerable to admit that the empire was under obligations to any one but himself. Those who had defended, and those who had attacked it, were treated alike, and the Croats were crushed as flat as the Hungarians under the hoofs of that high horse which Prince Schwarzenberg rode rough-shod over all.

Of the social condition of Hungary at this time, the following picture is painted by

M. Aurelius Kecskemethy, a young Hungarian, who, after having shared with enthusiasm all the ultra-revolutionary aspirations of the Hungarian youth in 1848, had been so completely sobered by the result of them, that in 1857 he was willing to earn his livelihood as an employé of the Austrian bureaucracy, whose worthy function was (to use his own words) that of "deciding how much intellectual nourishment might, without inconvenience, be allowed to the thirty-six millions of souls which constitute the Austrian empire"—in other words, the censorship of the press.

"In 1857," says M. Kecskemethy, "the system of M. de Bach had attained its apogee. 'Give us only ten years more,' said the government, 'and all the elder generation which still clings, in secret, to the constitutional traditions of 1848, will have died out.' No great trouble was expected in dealing with the younger generation. Some of us were driven, by sheer want of any other means of earning our bread, to seek employment of the government which had reduced us to this necessity. One went into the army, another into a public office. No other career was open to them. The small nobility was half ruined. The great nobility was corrupted. The youth of our national aristocracy, carefully excluded from public life, gave itself up to dissipation and frivolity. If a few old men still pleaded in private for the preservation of some of the ancient secular liberties of the realm, their voice could never reach the public ear, for the press was completely silenced, and nothing but the lowest and most venal journalism allowed; whilst all that passed behind the scenes was carefully concealed from every eye by a vigilant police."

Such was the social and political condition of the Austrian empire when the intelligence of Szechenyi was re-awakened to the contemplation of it.

Who can wonder that he deemed the window of a lunatic asylum the most fitting point of view from which to scrutinise the effects of a policy extolled by the wise-aces outside as the perfection of political wisdom?

CHAPTER XI.

NEWS, accurate and ample, of the outside world was not wanting to the recluse of Döbling. Books, pamphlets, letters, visitors, he received daily. His correspondence was active and extensive, nor was it altogether private. The fusion brought about by government influence between the

Hungarian Oestbahn and the German Südbahn Railway Companies appeared to Szechenyi the virtual suppression of an enterprise demanded by Hungarian interests, and the simultaneous confiscation of Hungarian resources for the exclusive furtherance of a purely Germanic undertaking. In the strength of this conviction he addressed to Count Edmond Zichi, one of the most eminent and capable of the Hungarian directors, a letter which found its way into the public journals, and was immediately suppressed by the Austrian police, but not before it had created a considerable sensation. From this letter we extract a few remarkable passages:

"Thou wast ever," says the writer to the recipient of it, "punctilious on the point of honour, more than punctilious, keenly sensitive. No man doubts it, and I, myself, have been so fortunate as to test the justice of thy reputation in this respect. Dost thou yet remember, friend, that evening at Pesth, when we walked home together from the Casino, and when, taking offence at a remark which I let fall most innocently in the course of our conversation, thou didst challenge me there and then? Faith, had I not already proved myself no novice in the use of sword and pistol, it would have been impossible for me to have refused the encounter. But luckily I could, without risking the imputation of personal cowardice, make to thee my cordial excuses, and as soon as we had shaken hands thereupon, I conceived for thee a sincere affection—an affection strengthened by my hearty appreciation of thy sensitive self-respect. Yet was there one thing which ever vexed me beyond measure, and that was, to see thee—let me say it frankly—as a man of pleasure so ardent, as a patriot so languid. Answer, friend, was not my judgment of thee just? Ah, well, thirty years have passed away since then. And now? . . . I am a wreck, the semi-animate remnant of a ruined life, whilst thou, on the contrary, hast grown and greatened, from year to year, in the domain of a manly and creative activity. And with what joy (if, indeed, the word 'joy' may be uttered without rebuke by any man situated as I am), with what inexpressible joy, dear friend, have I learned that thou hast the gift and the will to be happy, not merely with that miserable simulacrum of happiness which is from without, but with that genuine happiness which is from within, and hath its source in the conscience of an honest man. What greater happiness, indeed, can any man

hope to find in this world than the happiness of serving his country, and manfully assisting the mighty march of man's progress towards man's destined good? Yes, it is indeed with joy that I have learned how, unsubdued by the heavy yoke of afflicting circumstances, thou art even now, in the unrelinquished activity of a brave man's life, happier, far happier, than in the days of thy heedless youth. Happier—and why? Because enjoyment was then, and productive activity is now, the aim of thy existence."

Could St. Paul himself more artfully, or with more touching dignity of appeal, have enlisted on behalf of the cause he pleaded the self-esteem of those to whom he addressed himself?

"He," the letter adds, "who knows how to suffer and endure without flinching on behalf of what he owes his country, he only merits the patriot's thorny crown. The man who holds his ground against all odds (and in despite of insult, calumny, misconception, and menace), that man remains master of circumstances and lord of the occasion, which, however long delayed, never fails the expectation of those who wait for it. But the man who quits the ground of public duty has committed political suicide; and not even the Voice which raised Lazarus from the tomb can restore life to the dead who die thus."

In 1858, Baron Bach, the Austrian Minister of the Interior, demanded the suppression of the fundamental statute in the constitution of the Hungarian Academy founded by Szechenyi in 1825;* which statute declares that the permanent object of that institution is the culture of the Magyar language. This called forth a published manifesto from Szechenyi.

"Tortured," he says, "by indescribable mental suffering, a man buried alive, and whose heart cannot beat without bleeding, fully conscious of all the horrors of my present desolate position, I now ask myself, 'What is my duty to the Hungarian Academy?'"

After pathetically justifying the protest which it so fearlessly records, the letter then continues, in words which, written in 1858, were positively prophetic: "My conviction is that our glorious Emperor, Franz Josef, will sooner or later discover that the aim of his majesty's present ministers, viz., the forcible Germanisation of all the constituent races of the empire, is simply a

* See chapter i. of this Memoir.

solemn absurdity, a cruel mystification in which Austria is cheating herself. He will end by perceiving that the majority of the Austrian populations are gravitating towards foreign centres, and that this movement, so perilous for the empire, must necessarily be accelerated by every difficulty to which its external relations are exposed. The disasters which those difficulties must occasion are inevitable. In the midst of this general tendency towards the dissolution of the empire, what is the position of its Hungarian subjects? The Hungarian, and he only, has no affinity whatsoever with any foreign race or state. His ambition and interests cannot range beyond his present country; and it is only under the sheltering ægis of his legitimate and constitutional sovereign that his utmost desires and traditional destinies can by any possibility be realised. When the day of difficulty and danger arrives, and yet once more I affirm that most assuredly that day *will* arrive, the emperor, enlightened by the disastrous result of mischievous political experiments, will then, perforce, become himself the champion of those whose national existence his majesty's government now endeavours to extinguish. Our young monarch will then no longer tolerate the assassination of that noble nation with whose loyal co-operation a chivalrous sovereign may safely dare all difficulties, and brave the most desperate circumstances: that recuperative and devoted race, which on behalf of a prince beloved, and faithful to his knightly oath, hath ever been, is now, and ever will be, ready to shed the last drop of its blood. . . .

"This is what I perceive in the future. And let me add that, with all the strength of my being, I confide implicitly in that Providence which often smites severely both princes and peoples in punishment of their faults, but which has never yet suffered a generous nation to perish utterly, or an honest prince to remain for ever intellectually blinded. Sustained by this conviction, which comes to me from my faith in God, my decision as founder of the academy has been firmly taken. If there be no means of resistance, if we must absolutely submit to the conditions imposed upon us, I accept the new statutes, although there is not one of them which I approve. I accept them all with the resignation of a conquered man, whose heart may be wrung but whose opinion cannot be fettered. At the same time, however, true to the noble motto of 'justum ac tenacem propositi

virum,' I hereby solemnly declare that I shall cease to pay to the academy the annual interest of the sum dedicated by me to the foundation of it, the moment in which the sacrifice of my fortune becomes liable to employment on behalf of any other than the great object of its founders, which has been recognised by the law of the land, and confirmed by contract between the nation and its sovereign. When I am dead my heirs will, I doubt not, accept and adhere to this declaration. And if a day should come, when my present fears are realised, on that day either I or my successor will most assuredly withdraw all our contributions from the funds of an academy which will then have ceased to fulfil the purpose of its foundation, and devote those funds to the creation of some other and worthier national institution."

It was not to be expected that these periodical protests and criticisms, even though issued from beneath the sinister shelter of a lunatic asylum, would long be tolerated by an administration, which, to adopt the metaphor of a Polish poet, was capable of punishing all who ventured to pick up a pin in the street, because it knew that, in the hands of the oppressed, a pin may become a formidable weapon. Szechenyi was at the same time writing to the London Times newspaper, vigorous descriptions of the political condition of Austria under the administration of Baron Bach. Whenever one of these letters appeared in the great English journal, it was a day of rejoicing at Döbling.

In 1859, the Bach system began to totter. The predictions of Szechenyi were already being fulfilled. Not only the Hungarians, but all the other non-German population of the empire, had been taught to execrate the government under which they were living. The Czechs and Croats complained that what had been inflicted on the Magyars by way of punishment was dealt out to them by way of reward; and the declaration of war between Austria and Italy was hailed by all these populations with a thrill of hope in hearts which invoked from all parts of the empire the defeat of the imperial armies. The young Emperor himself, whose political misfortunes have been partly due to the generous loyalty with which he has at all times given fair play to the policy of incapable ministers, was at last growing thoroughly disgusted with the proved sterility and weakness of the repressive system which had for ten years been carried out in his name. To re-

gain the failing confidence of the sovereign, to reassure his majesty's increasing alarm, and to justify the policy of the government, Baron Bach caused to be drawn up a private memoir by one of his employés, which he himself carefully corrected, and which, under the title of Rückblick (Retrospect) was an elaborate apology for the Bach policy; which it affirmed to have been specially beneficial to all the material interests of Hungary. This memoir not being intended for publication, but only for the eye of the sovereign, was written with a reckless audacity of assertion.

Soon, a small pamphlet, written in German, was printed and published in London; and speedily circulated at Vienna. The complicated and clumsy title of it was, "Ein Blick auf den anonymen Rückblick, welcher für einem vertrauten Kreis, in verhältnissmässig wenigen Exemplaren in Monate October, 1857, im Wien erschien. Von einem Ungar. London, 1859." Anglice: "A glance at the Retrospect, of which, in October, 1859, a few copies were printed for private and confidential circulation at Vienna. By a Hungarian." This publication was a crushing reply to the Bach Memoir, which it mercilessly thrust into publicity after having stripped it bare of every rag of argument, and branded the word "*Lie*" upon its forehead. The author of this pamphlet was Stephen Szechenyi.

On the 21st of August, 1859, Baron Bach's resignation was accepted by the Emperor. Baron Hübner, who had till then been Austrian ambassador at Paris, assumed the portfolio for home affairs, in place of Baron Bach, in the Rechberg-Schmerling cabinet. To these statesmen the pacification of Hungary now appeared to be a matter of urgent necessity, nor did they scruple to enter into correspondence on the subject of it with the recluse of Döbling. At last a happier day seemed about to dawn, both for Hungary and for the Great Magyar.

CHAPTER XII.

In vain! That gleam of hope was momentary only, and soon "the jaws of darkness did devour it up." Baron Hübner's proposals were considered too hazardous, by his colleagues, who were also dissatisfied with the loyalty of his proceedings. He retired from office suddenly, without having achieved any solution of the Hungarian question. There still remained in the cabinet a considerable lump of the old leaven.

The disappointment was a terrible one to the excitable temperament of Szechenyi. Among those disciples of Baron Bach who remained in the ministry, was one whose theory of the executive function was known to be even more hostile to personal liberty than that of his master. This was Baron Thiery, minister of police.

The following anecdote has been related to us by an intimate friend of Szechenyi's:

In the year 1833 a duel was fought between Count Stephen Szechenyi and Baron Louis Orczy, in consequence of some offence taken by one or other of them at expressions used in the course of a violent political discussion. On their way to the place of meeting, the two principals recounted, each to his own seconds, the dreams which they had respectively dreamed over night. Each had dreamed that he was killed by a pistol bullet in the head, but neither had seen in his dream the hand by which the shot was fired. In the duel Baron Orczy was slightly wounded. The two combatants survived the encounter. But many years afterwards, Louis Orczy blew out his brains. The fate of Stephen Szechenyi is now to be told.

At half past six o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of March, 1860, a police officer, M. Felsenthal, accompanied by two commissaries, entered the apartment of Count Szechenyi, at Döbling, and proceeded to search the premises.

The count received these unexpected visitors with the contemptuous courtesy of a great nobleman towards ill-mannered inferiors. He assisted their investigations, offered them cigars and refreshments, and overwhelmed them with ironical compliments. The police officers withdrew without having discovered any papers of the least political importance, but not without having possessed themselves of a little casket containing the count's private correspondence with his family. After their departure, he was informed that during this search the house had been surrounded by a strong military cordon, and that simultaneously his two sons, Bela and Odo, and his most intimate friends, Giza Zichi, Maximilien Falk, Ernest Hollan, and Aurelius Kecskemethy, had been subjected to a similar domiciliary visit, accompanied by a similar display of military force.

This proceeding on the part of the minister of police created great scandal and alarm at Vienna. To justify it, Baron Thiery publicly declared that the police were on the traces of a vast conspiracy, the soul of which was Count Stephen Szechenyi.

The count wrote to the minister, demanding the restitution of his private letters, and a personal interview for the purpose of disproving the calumny by which their robbery was said to have been justified. Both demands were rejected in the most insulting terms, and the count was significantly informed that he could no longer be allowed to shelter himself beneath the roof of a lunatic asylum, and must be prepared to quit it at an early date. And meanwhile Baron Nicholas Vay was proscribed and pursued, Zsedenyi and Richter were thrown into prison, General Eynatten hanged himself in his prison cell. Every Hungarian, still true to the cause of his country, was being hunted down by Baron Thiery's hounds.

On the 8th of April, 1860, two servants of Count Stephen Szechenyi knocked at the count's bedroom door: it being their business to call him, as usual, at seven. Receiving no answer, and finding the door locked, they hastened to inform one of the doctors of the establishment. On opening the door of the count's apartment, the doctor and those with him recoiled in horror.

Count Stephen Szechenyi was seated in his arm chair, over one side of which his left arm was hanging. In his right hand was a revolver; his head was shattered almost to pieces. He must have placed the muzzle of one barrel of the revolver so close against the eyeball of the left eye, when he fired, that the discharge could have made but little, if any, noise. A sick man, who slept in the story under the count's apartment, thought he had noticed a slight sound during the night in the room above: but by no one else had any explosion been heard.

At the hour of ten in the morning of the 10th of April, a small group of about a hundred persons was gathered round a plain black catafalque in the chapel of the Döbling hospital. The same day, the body of the Great Magyar was removed from Döbling to the family vaults of the count's ancestral mansion at Zenkendorf. The funeral cortège reached Zenkendorf in the evening, where the illustrious dead was received with lighted torches by the inhabitants of all the surrounding towns and villages. The bier was accompanied by upwards of six thousand persons to the chapel of Zenkendorf.

On the following day, the remains of Stephen Szechenyi were placed, by eight young counts of the Szechenyi family, upon the funeral car, with the kalpalk and violet-coloured attela of the deceased. On either side of it, walked four hundred of the principal inhabitants of the district, bearing torches; after them, an immense concourse of humbler mourners—the youth and age of all the surrounding country far and wide.

Just as the body was being lowered into the grave, that immense multitude burst, as though simultaneously inspired into patriotic song; and while the ashes of the great Hungarian sank beneath his native earth, there rose above them, on many thousand voices, the great national hymn of the Hungarian people.

So, in the holy precincts of the antique church, which he himself had rescued from ruin and dedicated to the memory of St. Stephen, now rest all that was mortal of St. Stephen's noblest son.

A few weeks later, on the 30th of April, 1860, a more splendid and general tribute of respect and gratitude was rendered to the memory of the Great Magyar. On that day the National Academy of Hungary celebrated at Pesth in solemn state the requiem of its great founder; and there was not a single province or parish of Hungary which (to the impotent vexation of the then Austrian government) was not publicly represented at this ceremony.

The FOURTH VOLUME will be commenced on Saturday, June 4, with a New Serial Story, entitled,

THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE,

Which will be continued from week to week until completed.

A Short Serial Story will also be commenced in the First Number of the New Volume, entitled,

IN THAT STATE OF LIFE.

And will be continued from week to week until completed.

MR. DICKENS'S NEW WORK.

Just Published, PRICE ONE SHILLING,

PART TWO OF

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. L. FILDES.

To be Completed in TWELVE MONTHLY Numbers, uniform with the Original Editions of "PICKWICK" and "COPPERFIELD."

London: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

n
g
e
t-
er
l-
g
se
of
to
it,
to
of
is
on
al

ne
m
st.
of

il,
te
to
On
ry
re-
ras
ry
en
ely

ay,

,
ntil

irst

E.
om-

D.

ers,
CK "

elda.

M

The collection of
for it cannot be said, being given into and will not be long as the material here.

OSLER'S
CRYSTAL GLASS CHANDELIERs,
 WALL LIGHTS AND LUSTRES FOR GAS AND CANDLES.
CHANDELIERs IN BRONZE & ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS AND LAMPS FOR INDIA.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
ORNAMENTAL GLASS, ENGLISH & FOREIGN.
 MESS, EXPORT, AND FURNISHING ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED
 ALL ARTICLES MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.
45, OXFORD STREET, W.
 MANUFACTORY AND SHOW ROOMS, BROAD STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
 ESTABLISHED 1807.

MAYFAIR SHERRY.		
36^s per doz.	C. WARD & SON CHAPEL ST WEST MAYFAIR. LONDON.	36^s per doz.
MAYFAIR SHERRY.		

The Lock-Stitch Machine very little more than half the thread used by some machines, yet it is more durable for it cannot break, being sewed into, and will last as long as the material sewn.


The only Gold Medal awarded at the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

70 PRIZE MEDALS,


INCLUDING

HAVE GAINED

THE WHEELER & WILSON MFG Co.'s MACHINES




No SEWING MACHINE
has hitherto approached
The Silent-Working
WHEELER & WILSON
Lock-Stitch Machine
in
Perfection of Workmanship.
Rapidity of Action,
Firmness and Elasticity
of Stitch,
Noiselessness of Motion,
Perfect Adaptation to
every kind of work,
Easiness of Comprehension
to the Learner,
Lightness and Elegance of
Appearance,
Simplicity of Construction,
and
Wonderful Durability!



WHEELER & WILSON
 SILENT-WORKING
LOCK-STITCH
SEWING MACHINE
 MANUFACTURERS,
 BY APPOINTMENT TO
 H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
 139, Regent St., and
 43, St. Paul's Churchyard.

WHEELER & WILSON

A
 New
 Sample
 Card
 of Work;
 Prospectus,
 and Price List
 on Application.



BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!!

More than 400,000 of these Machines have been sold.
THE ANNUAL SALE NOW EXCEEDS 60,000!
AND IS CONSTANTLY INCREASING.

Read descriptive Pamphlet, and the Notes on Sewing Machines, which can be had gratis on application.

139, REGENT STREET, AND 43, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

THE WHEELER & WILSON MFG Co.,
 Having been repeatedly asked to supply a really good and moderately priced Hand Machine, have at last determined on introducing

THE ELLIPTIC HAND MACHINE,

Which they can sell for 25 6s. This Machine being manufactured under their own direct supervision and at their own Manufactory, they can confidently recommend it as the best of its class for all Family and Domestic purposes. It makes the Lock-Stitch, which is universally acknowledged to be the strongest, neatest, and best. It will produce all the varieties of work of which Hand Machines are capable, and is decidedly the best in the market.

10,000 PRESENTS, 5s. to £5.

PARKINS & GOTTO

24.25.27.&28. OXFORD ST. W.

PORTRAIT ALBUMS { OF THE NEW MAKE, WILL LAST FOR YEARS (from 4s. 6d.)

WRITING CASES of every kind (a choice of 1,000).
DRESSING BAGS for Ladies & Gentlemen, fitted from 30s.
DRESSING CASES from 15s. to £20.

Elegant **ENVELOPE CASES**, 18s.
Ditto **BLOTTING BOOKS**, 10s. 6d.
TEA CADDIES, 10s. 6d. to 63s.
HAND BAGS, 8s. 6d. to 42s.
Elegant **RETICULES**, 10s. 6d.
GLOVE BOXES, 10s. 6d., 14s. 6d. & 21s.
HANDKERCHIEF BOXES, 9s. 6d.
SCRAP BOOKS and **ALBUMS**.
CARD TRAYS in China, &c., 10s. 6d.
CIGAR CASES. **CARD CASES**.
INKSTANDS, Mounted, 7s. 6d.
BOOK SLIDES, ditto, 5s. 6d.
WORK BOXES, 7s. 6d. to 42s.
STATIONERY CABINETS, 21s.
DESPATCH BOXES, 21s. to £5 5s.
POCKET BOOKS. **PENCIL CASES**.
PURSES, 1s. to 40s. **FANS**.
SCENT CASES of 2 and 4 Bottles.
OPERA GLASSES, 7s. 6d. to 63s.
SMELLING BOTTLES, 2s. 6d. to 30s.

ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES in Gilt, Bronze, and China.

NICK-NACKS SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

FAMILY & POCKET BIBLES.

CROQUET. 15s., 18s., 21s., 30s., 40s., and 60s., the set with Book of Rules. A first-rate full-size set for 30s. The Club boxwood set (the best that can be made) 60s. All Croquet sent carriage paid to any Railway Station in England on prepayment.

PARKINS & GOTTO'S

WRITING PAPERS & ENVELOPES,

(LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES AT WHOLESALE PRICES.)
NO CHARGE MADE FOR PLAIN STAMPING FROM ANY DIE, WHETHER PURCHASED AT THIS WAREHOUSE OR NOT.

MONOGRAM, CREST, AND ADDRESS DIES CUT AT HALF THE USUAL CHARGES.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Packet of 120 sheets Note Paper	0	6	250 Useful Envelopes	0	9
„ 120 do. Thick do.	1	0	1000 Envelopes	2	9
„ 120 do. Extra Thick	1	6	1000 Full Size ditto	4	6

DANCE PROGRAMMES, 20 quires Straw Paper for 3s. **DISH PAPERS**.
DINNER MENUS, **SERMON PAPER**, 20 quires for 3s. **HAM FRILLS**.

OVERLAND AND BLACK BORDERED PAPERS.

THE NEW SQUARE-CUT ENVELOPES.

FIFTY SAMPLES OF PAPER POST FREE.

CLUBS, INSTITUTIONS, COLLEGES, and COUNTING HOUSES supplied.
LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING at a few hours' notice.

WRITING CASES, DRESSING CASES, WORK BOXES, &c., REINED AND REPOLISHED.

POST FREE BY POST FOR 28 STAMPS.